As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels:
Oh let me see thee walke, thou dost not halt.
Kate. Go foole, and whom thou keep'st command.
Pet. Did ever *Dian* so become a Groue
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate:
Oh be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,
And then let *Kate* be chast, and *Dian* sportfull.
Kate. Where did you studie all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother wit.
Kate. A witty mother, witlesse else her sonne.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kate. Yes, keepe you warme.
Pet. Marry so I meane sweete *Katherine* in thy bed:
And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plaine termes: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife, your downe grced on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turne,
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me,

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio.

For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wilde *Kate* to a *Kate*
Conformable as other houshold *Kates*:
Heere comes your father never make denyall,
I must, and will have *Katherine* to my wife.
Bap. Now Signior *Petruchio* how speed you with my daughter?
Pet. How but well sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amisse.
Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your dumps?
Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promise you
You have shewd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one halfe Lunatick,
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jacke,
That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.
Pet. Father 'tis thus, your selfe and all the world
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amisse of her:

If she be curst, it is for policie,
For she's not froward, but modest as the Doue
She is not hot, but temperate as the morne,
For patience, she will proue a second *Grissell*,
And Roman *Lucrece* for her chastitie:
And to conclude, we have greed so well together,
That vpon sonday is the wedding day.
Kate. Ile see thee hang'd on sonday first,
Gre. Hark *Petruchio*, she sayes she'll see thee h
Tra. Is this your speeding? nay then good night ou
Pet. Be patient Gentlemen, I choose her for m
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd twixt vs twaine being alone,
That she shall still be curst in companie.
I tell you 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loues me: oh the kindest *Kate*,
She hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse
She vi'd so fast protesting oath on oath,
That in a twinke she won me to her loue.
Oh you are novices, 'tis a world to see
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacocke wretch can make the curstest shrew:
Give me thy hand *Kate*, I will vnto *Venice*
To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day;
Provide the feast father, and bid the guests,
I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to say, but give me your
God send you joy *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen say we, we will be witnesses.
Pet. Father, and wife, and Gentlemen adieu,
I will to *Venice*, sonday comes apace,
We will have rings, and things and fine array
And kisse me *Kate*, we will be married a sonday.

Exit Petruchio and Kath

Gre. Was ever match clapt vp so sodainly?
Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a merchants
And venture madly on a desperate Mart.
Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,